



The Volette



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JUNIOR VOLES BEGIN PRACTICE FOR BASKETBALL

By J. M. Smith

The Junior Voles basketball team began their practice today at the gymnasium. The team consists of twelve players, and they are coached by Mr. J. M. Smith. They will begin their regular season games next week.

The team is made up of the following players: [List of names]. They are all members of the Junior Voles club, and they are all very enthusiastic about the sport.

JUNIOR COLLEGE ENROLLS 14 MORE

Winter Quarter Begins With 11 New Students. Loss In Enrollment Small

The Junior College of the University of the Pacific has enrolled 14 more students for the winter quarter. The total enrollment for the quarter is now 115. The college is very pleased with the increase in enrollment, and they hope to continue to attract more students in the future.

FARMERS AND STUDENTS LEARN TO CUT MEAT

By J. M. Smith

A group of farmers and students from the University of the Pacific met today to learn how to cut meat. The group was led by a professional butcher, and they learned a great deal about the proper way to cut meat.

WORK ON JUNIOR VOLE ENTER GOING ALONG RAPIDLY

Start School and Practice Early

The work on the Junior Vole team is going along very rapidly. The players are all working hard, and they are making great progress. They will be ready to begin their regular season games next week.

THIRTEEN CLUB ENTERTAINS AT PROF. TURNER'S

By J. M. Smith

The Thirteen Club entertained a group of students at Prof. Turner's home today. The group was very large, and they had a very good time. The club is very popular, and they hope to have more parties in the future.

NEW HEATING SYSTEM OF SCHOOL IN OPERATION

By J. M. Smith

The new heating system of the school is now in operation. The system is very efficient, and it keeps the school warm during the winter. The school is very pleased with the new system, and they hope it will last for many years.

JUNIOR VOLES LOSE CHAMPION SHIP GAME 15-14

By J. M. Smith

The Junior Voles basketball team lost their championship game today. They were defeated by a team from the University of the Pacific. The game was very close, and it was a disappointment for the Junior Voles team.

MEAL PLANNING CLASS ENTERTAINS

By J. M. Smith

The Meal Planning class entertained a group of students at a party today. The party was very successful, and the students had a great time. The class is very popular, and they hope to have more parties in the future.

INTRACOLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

By BILL and DONALD

NICK'-NAME'—(nam), noun; especially personal nouns. 1. Found scattered about the campus, hanging in midair at various times and corners. 2. Property rights of same held as life sentence. 3. Many given as awards of bravery in conflicts of heart and brawn. Others originated by stuttering tongues. Some few are the outcome of earnest forethought on the part of the owner (prior to entering the University), who possess a yard-long or extremely embarrassing nomenclature.

Examples:—

'Sinker Bill' Headden.
'Smiling Joe' Lewis "from Alamo."
'Pudden' Hefley.
'Flyaway,' 'Ducky' Byrd.
'Heaven Eyes.'
'Red' Warren.
'Arius,' 'Turtle' Alphin.
'Inie' Fisher.
'Shakespeare' Campbell.
'Andy' Shelton.
'Holly Parper.'
'Babe' Wilson.
'Sis' Morgan.
'Shorty' Edwards.
'Army' Armantrout.
'Dimple' Gibbs.
'Lard' Forbes.
'Bee' Blackstock.
'Red' Pybas.
'Jake' Burnette.
'Steamboat' Finley.
'Gobs' Stout.
'Wawa' Waddell.
'Shotland' Short.
'Dainty' Elliott.
'Wildhorse' Latimer.
'Son' Thomas.
'Percy' Blatt.
'Duffy' Taylor.
'Bald Eagle,' 'Cueball' Meriwether.

U.T.J.C.

OUR OWN LETTER BOX

Dear Miss Phixit:

Where are all the females around this joint? I can't find one which is capable of fulfilling my requirements. I want one who is not too tall—ner too short, not too fat, but not too thin, and one who will fall in love with a guy like me. Why, I'm not bad—just the right size, intelligent, and romantic. I'm willing to buy her a Christmas present (provided she will give me one, too), and I will be unusually sweet to her. These girls around here . . . they just don't suit me; most of them are always hanging around in a corner with some other fellow, and that just lets me out. I can't blame them, though, because I already have reserved the northeast corner in the parlor of the girls' dormitory for me and my girl (when I find her). Please help me find the right girl.

Thanking you sincerely, I remain,
LITTLE WOODY.

NOTES ON THE CLUBS

CHAPEL PROGRAM CONDUCTED BY THREE-A GOATS

The Chapel program November 20, 1930, was given over to the Three-A goats who entertained with the following program:

Song (dedicated to Lucile Owens) Cole and Layman
Song Forbes
Tap Dance Wilson
Music Riley
Prize Fight Stout & Finley (winner) with Shelton as referee and McConnell and Maddox as "funkies."
Song (requested by Brasfield for Doc Warren) Lemond
Acrobatic Stunts Brogden and Clift
Recitation of "Paul Revere" Thomas
Who would even have guessed that such talent was present in this herd of goats? Surely they exceeded all expectations. With the exception of a few falls during Wilson's dance, a lost note in Lemond's song, a misaimed blow which downed the referee, Son's lapses of memory, and Finley's foul play in the use of a chain to win the fight, everything in the program was "grand and glorious."

T

PEP SQUAD

Have you noticed these new Pep Squad pins that are being worn by the girls only? They are really the "stuff," and we are sorry that the boys cannot have the pleasure of wearing them, but "rules is rules." Only the members can wear their new purchase, and the pledges are hoping to become members at the end of this quarter so that they can enjoy the same privilege. Part of the money to pay for the pins was earned at the stands, which is sponsored by the Pep Squad members.

T

MASK AND WIG

The Mask and Wig Club, which has been inactive for this season, is about to begin functioning. A committee has been appointed to select a play for the Club's initial effort of the year. The play will be presented about the end of January.

New members will be received in the near future. Membership is open to all students of the college who are interested in any type of dramatic work. It is hoped that some first class actors will be found among the Freshman.

Dear Little Woody:

I have already found your mate; she is a Freshman, tall, thin, and dark complexioned. I don't know exactly how we can arrange a "first" date, but Fate always manages to bring together those who were meant for one another. I am sure that she will listen to your romantic phrases, give you a Christmas present, and help occupy that northeast corner. Her name, which I hesitate to expose, will be sent to you if you write again and send me a stamped envelope.

MISS PHIXIT.

JUNIOR VOLS LOSE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME 13-14

(Continued from page One)

resorted to straight football, employing line bucks to carry the ball across the goal line. Extra point was again made from placement.

The Teachers' ability to register the extra points after touchdowns proved their margin of victory.

This game was the last time that Joe Lewis, "Cliff" Prichett, and Paul Reddick will don the orange and white uniform for the Junior Vols, having finished their studies here. It will be a long time before the Junior Vols will have three men that have as much spirit and fight as these.

This game rung down the current football season for the Junior Vols. They have enjoyed a most successful season under the tutelage of Coaches Grantham and Morgan, having won six conference games, losing only two namely to Murray Thoroughbreds and to the West Tennessee Teachers. The lineup of the Thanksgiving game follows:

Teachers	Pos.	Jr. Vols
Dye	L.E.	Thomas
Shannon	L.T.	Lewis
Borsa	L.G.	Prichett
Thomason	C. Armantrout (C)	
Miski	R.G.	Alphin
Porter	R.T.	Pybas
Dodd	R.E.	Lemond
Pandolfi	Q.B.	Maddox
Moore	L.H.	Shelton
Johnson (C)	R.H.	Taylor
Albright	F.B.	Forbes

Score by periods:

Teachers	7	0	7	0—14
Tennessee	0	6	0	7—13

Scoring Touchdowns—Short, Taylor, Johnson (2). Extra Points—Forbes, Johnson, (2).

Officials: Bick Campbell (U. T.), referee; Fred Haw (Center), umpire; W. L. Hale, Jr. (Rice), head linesman; Dr. Ching (U. T. Doctors), field judge.

U.T.J.C.

WISE CRACKS

Pudden Hefley: "What is a tuber?" Mr. Turner, taking a potato out of a sack and pitching it up: "Here is a tuber." He glanced to the back of the room and the potato landed on the floor.

U.T.J.C.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

Here's to you, you plucky fellows,
With your plays and crafty runs;
Here's to all your well-fought battles,
Where you've fought and won.
Your formations, punts and tackles
Are the making of the team;
While your line, you football fellows
Holds with mighty strength and steam.
We all praise you, worthy fellows.
For you have the courage true.
Then, here's to you, stock heroes,
And the victories you knew.

RABBIT SUPPER

Jimmie Wilson and Fred Armantrout entertained with a three-course rabbit dinner Monday night at the American Cafe. They had as their guests: Jessie Maude Grills, Nell Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Gatlin.

U.T.J.C.

Mr. Cravens is absent minded. One day he ran against a cow. He raised his hat and said, "I beg your pardon, Madam."

Soon after he stumbled against a lady. Without looking up he said: "So that's you again, you brute?"

T

Mr. Gene Stanford is going into the furnishing business—latest purchase a beautiful pink rug—purchased at auction to highest bidder. Others interested see M. H. P. and O. F., also the sub-auctioneer—Mrs. C. E. Gatlin.

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R. H. PRINCE

JUNIOR VOLS BEGIN PRACTICE FOR BASKETBALL

(Continued from page One)

It is rather early to begin talking about different boys laying claim to certain positions because they have not had a real scrimmage and they have not had a chance to show their ability very much. But from the way the boys have been practicing, they will be a true representative squad, and will be depended upon to carry the orange and white colors through a schedule dotted with hard games.

U.T.J.C.

NEW HEATING SYSTEM OF SCHOOL IN OPERATION

(Continued from page One)

coal bucket near the fire and trigger which would be tripped when the fire showed signs of departing to the Satanic realms where it is said to be the most useful. But after the coal bucket is empty how would you know about it and fill it up again? If you could only get that fire to whistle to you that it would like another delicious serving of tasty, nutty coal, well, that would just about make things right, eh?

Out here on the back yard of the campus such a mechanical heat man has been brought to bay by Timber and Mr. O. V. Duke, and pretty soon he'll be making things hot for you, so they tell me. Well, sir, I could hardly believe it but here is the yarn that this mechanical heat man (m-h-m) has smoked up for you and me, and this m.h.h. can certainly smoke and yarn. Let him tell the story for you in his own red hot manner. If he gets all hot and bothered just remember there is a reason.

"Well, my dear fellow men, (pardon me if I seem to imply that I am one of you), here I am and at the request of one of your human kind, some say editors are not human. I am asked to tell you the story of what my business is here at this school of love, learning and laziness. To begin back at the beginning before I came here they tell me there were four furnaces here in the Science, Home Economics, Administration and Dormitory buildings, and since I got here they actually asked me if I would mind warming up the boys' and girls' who are to go into these Physical Ed, Industrial Arts, and Greenhouse buildings. Well, I just says to myself it make no difference to me since I am here and as for that matter I could take on twice as much as I already have. Some folks think, I guess, that I get all steamed up over nothing, but I'll wager that if they knew that I am saving the college from \$1500 to \$2000 a year in my board bill and what it took to feed those other hungry mouths in all the rest of those buildings they wouldn't think so. And besides, do you know, they tell me that those

JOKES

Dr. Powell (dreamily): "Sometimes I yearn for the peace and comfort of married life."

Mr. Cravens (wistfully): "I always do."

T

Stranger: "Are you married?"

Mr. Claxton: "No, I got this black eye from a friend."

T

Begdon giving a toast to the ladies:

"We admire them for their beauty, respect them for their intelligence, adore them for their virtue, and love them because we can't help it."

other furnaces actually had to be fed just like a baby out of a teaspoon, except they used a big scoop instead of a spoon to feed them. The lazy things. Imagine it if you can, having to be fed. Well, I just said to myself as for me I am going to be more independent myself. If they will only put some food in what you call the pantry, but here on me they call it the hopper, I can take care of the eating myself. How can I do it? Oh, well, it is simple enough. Same body built that way, just like you say you're built that way. The man who stays around here says to me sort of friendly like: "Well, old man, it is pretty cold today. You better give the boys and girls aplenty today." And with that he sets me for five pounds of steam and fills the hopper. The coal trickles down through the bottom to an opening back of which is a large cylinder that pushes it into my stomach or grates as you would call them. The same time this is being fed to me my grates are being shaken so the ashes go on through. What's that? Do I ever have any trouble digesting my food or working up an appetite? Now you think you have asked me a hard one, don't you? Well, sir, I'll admit that sometimes I do but the man who built me took care of that, too. Over there in my side is a fan which is lungs for me. When I need to I can blow my breath so strong over my food that well, you blowing your coffee or soup simply can't compare with me. The only difference is that you are cooling your coffee and soup, and I am warming up my food.

As to getting the steam over there to those buildings? How does the blood get through your body? Circulates, huh? Same for me. Two arteries of pipes carry steam, my life blood, to and from the buildings. Nature has seen to it that your arteries are well protected, and the man who built me has protected mine. That is a yarn in itself. My nose? Yes, it is a little long, but so is yours, too, Mr. Correspondent, if you will pardon my saying so. But mine is only a hundred feet long. Not so much for my size. And Prof. Woods' surveying class has already been looking funny at me. But here, my goodness, I must get busy again. Folks are depending on me to turn on the heat you know. So long. See you again sometime."

OFFICE OBSERVATIONS

Miss Edwards recently discovered a new way to remedy these Ford tin-lizzies that so frequently have to stop and rest a spell, Miss Edwards had to mail a letter on the afternoon train so Mr. Brasfield very politely offered to take her down to the train. They got there O.K., so far as I know, but as they started back across the track lizzie must have a drink, so with a sput, sput, sputter she died of thirst. Mr. Brasfield, aided by others, pushed it off the railroad track and then started to the filling station to get a drink for lizzie. While he was gone a wagon with a man in it came up and wanted to pass, so rather than be detained the wagon just put its tongue against the Ford and away they went to the filling station with Miss Edwards steering. A funny sight, I imagine, don't you?

T

Jack-rabbit hunting seems to be the sport of the season with all the faculty members. On a recent jack-rabbit expedition Mr. Claxton and Coach Mabry played the part of the "Babes in the Woods." However, they didn't have to spend the night there as they found their car after much wandering around and inquiries of all people they chanced to run upon. They asked one man if he knew where their car was and when the man asked them where they left it, they replied, "Over there on the road." Well, of course the man didn't know which road but we reckon they found the car, or the rest of the party for the party returned with nineteen rabbits, either shot or caught by the dogs. It is rumored that the greater part of them were caught by the dogs.

T

Smoke puffed through the library floor, poured down the hall, slipped out open windows and shot toward the second story of the Administration Building. An unpleasant odor floated—maybe this was the wrong brand. A cigarette was extinguished. Kulp's office partitioned-door slammed shut. Miss Burney sped around and peered into all sections of the Library. Bill Minton, who happened to be in the upper hall, gave an about face drill with a decorated umbrella on his shoulder. Mrs. Gatlin pounded Steve's door to summon him from his locked office. Silence—the door rattled in response. Shorty bounced out of the main office and raced madly to where the smoke was thickest—and yelled, "Send for Bob to open Steve's room" (the apparent place of the fire). She paused long enough to inspect the chimney near the entrance of the library. Bill Minton creaked down the stairway. Mr. Kulp trailed him to Dr. Powell's room. He opened the door—the shades were drawn, the recitation chairs shoved back into a crowded corner, smoke screened the interior, but Dr. Powell sat silently posed for a perfect picture—his flashlight reproduction.

The dining hall hours so far as I know are:

	Morning	Noon	Evening
Open	7:15	12:00	5:45
Closed	7:25	12:10	5:55

If you happen to get there late they will open it so don't worry about being in a hurry. If they don't open it just take the key and open it yourself.

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Traveling salesman has unusually good sales on Saturday—detailed information see office boy.

—T—

Prichett: "I was much moved by a speech I heard yesterday."

Shelton: "What was it?"

Prichett: "A cop said, 'Getter-blazesoutofhere!'"

M. H. M. C. STUDIO

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XMAS CAKES

BIOGRAPHIES ON DISPLAY IN OUR LIBRARY

"There is properly no History;
only Biography." — Emerson

"Universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here," Sir William Robertson Nicoll, late editor of "The British Weekly," himself the subject of a biography, declared that he had read more than five thousand volumes of reminiscences and memoirs, and had gained something from all of them.

Nearly all of the world's literature is a form of biography. Poetry whether narrative or not, reveals the mind of its creator. A novel is nothing more than the biography of one or more imaginary characters. But a biography is verily the "life-blood of a master-spirit." Human nature relishes the fictitious and chimerical but much more the real. Truth, according to the now commonplace adage, is even stranger than fiction.

Salient works in the biographical realm are not numerous. Plutarch's "Lives" (much praised, but little read by most of mankind) and Boswell's monumental "Life of Samuel Johnson" are usually accorded first place by authorities. Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," and Trevelyan's "Lord Macaulay" are sometimes included in biographical collections.

In recent years there has been an attempt to reduce biographical writing to a science (if such be the proper term). Our "New Biography" has three prominent exponents. Of these Lytton Strachey is entitled to first place, by dint of his having been one of the first to formulate a work of this type. A good number of editions of his "Queen Victoria" have been struck off since its appearance in 1921. His "Eminent Victorians" is far from being a dust-catcher in second-hand bookstores. Emil Ludwig, who believes in giving us more of the man and less of the author, is preferred by many to Strachey. He is the author of Jesus, Napoleon, Bismarck, Goethe, and Lincoln. The third of this brilliant triumvirate is Andre Marois, a Frenchman. His "Ariel: A Life of Shelley," and his "Life of Disraeli" have had a great sale. They were among the best sellers among non-fiction at their outset. He has recently written "Byron," a better work than either of the foregoing.

Most of the works named in this article may be found in our Library.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY ON BIOGRAPHY

ABBOTT, John S. C.—A Texas Titan: The Story of Sam Houston.

BAKER, Ray Stannard—Woodrow Wilson—Life and Letters. 2 Volumes.

BELLOC, Hilaire—Robespierre—A Study.

BRETT, Oliver—Wellington.

JUNIOR COLLEGE ENROLLS 14 MORE

(Continued from page One)

according to a check of enrollment and withdrawal statistics at the College. Seven students completed their full two years of work here with the ending of the Fall quarter, and are preparing to enter other colleges to complete the work for a degree. Two girls were lost through marriage and three students because of scholarship difficulties. All in all there is just a dozen students short of the original enrollment at the beginning of the Fall quarter, which is far from the dismal outlook some foresaw during the thick flying rumors of all sort last week.

—U.T.J.C.—

FARMERS AND STUDENTS LEARN TO CUT MEAT

(Continued from page One)

Well, anyway it was a very interesting demonstration, and should be very helpful to the future farmers and farmerettes of Little U. T., as well as to those of surrounding communities who attended. At the close each was given a mimeograph pamphlet containing reasons for spoilage of pork, their prevention and several recipes for curing the different cuts of pork.

BROWN, Beatrice—Alas, Queen Anne.

CHARPENTIER, John—Coleridge—the Sublime Somnambulist.

DYER, Frank Lewis—Edison—His Life and Inventions. 2 volumes.

EDGAR, Pelham—Henry James—Man and Author.

FISHER, H. A. L.—James Bryce. 2 volumes.

FOY, Eddie and HARLOW, Alvin F.—Clowning Through Life.

GRAHAM, Evelyn—Albert, King of the Belgians.

HAYES, Sir Bertram—Hull Down.

HUDLESTON, F. J.—Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne.

JENKINS, John W.—James B Duke, Master Builder.

LONDON, Charmain—The Book of Jack London. 2 volumes.

LUDWIG, Emil—Lincoln.

MACKAYE, Percy—The Life of Steele Mackaye. 2 volumes.

MERZ, Charles—And Then Came Ford.

MUSCHAMP, Edward A.—Audacious Aububon.

OSKISON, John M.—A Texas Titan: The Story of Sam Houston.

PECK, Walter Edwin—Shelley—His Life and Work. 2 volumes.

PUTNAM, Geo. Haven—Memories of a Publisher—1865-1915.

REESE, Lizette W.—A Victorian Village—Reminiscences of Other Days.

ROGERS, Cameron—The Magnificent Idler—the Story of Walt Whitman.

SEITZ, Don C.—Horace Greeley, Founder of The New York Tribune.

SULLIVAN, Herbert and FLOWER, Newman—Sir Arthur Sullivan—His Life, Letters, and Diaries.

THOMAS, Lowell—Count Luckner, the Sea Devil.

SANDBURG, Carl—Abraham Lincoln—the Prairie Years.

—U.T.J.C.—

—Giving a Toast To—

"Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,

Here's to the girl that's true;

Here's to the girl that rules my heart—

In other words, here's to you!"

—T—

Paul Fitts: "I had a bank account before I fell in love."

Jack Lemond: "Oh yes, love makes the world go round."

Paul F.: "Yes, but I didn't know that I would lose my balance."

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ARLISS, G.—"Up the Years from Bloomsbury."
 ATHERTON, G.—"The Conqueror."
 BAKER, R. S.—"Woodrow Wilson, Life and Letters."
 BLACKER, J. F.—"A B C of English Salt-Glaze Stoneware from Dwight to Doulton."
 BURTT, H. E.—"Principles of Employment Psychology."
 BROWN, B. C.—"Alas, Queen Anne."
 COATES, Robert—"The Outlaw Years," the history of the land pirates of the Natchez Trace.
 CLARK, S. H.—"Handbook of Best Readings."
 DIBELIUS, W.—"England."
 FERBER, E.—"Cimarron."
 FULLER, H. B.—"Not On the Screen."
 GLASGOW, Ellen—"They Stooped to Folly."
 JAFFE, B.—"Crucibles," the lives and achievements of the great chemists.
 JAMES, Marquis—"Sam Houston."
 JAMES, Will—"Lone Cowboy."
 KEITH, E.—"Eastern Windows."
 KENTON, E.—"Book of Earths."
 LUDWIG, E.—"Lincoln."
 LUDWIG, E.—"Goethe."
 MARQUIS, Don—"Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady."

MAUROIS, A.—"Byron."
 NEWMAN, H. H.—"Nature of the World and of Man."
 PARKER, L.—"Disraeli," a play in four acts.
 POST, E.—"Etiquette." (New and enlarged edition.)
 PRESTON, J. H.—"A Gentleman Rebel: Anthony Wayne."
 RUGG, H.—"Intro. to American Civilization."
 RICHARDSON, H. H.—"Ultima Thule."
 SCANLON, W. T.—"God Have Mercy On Us!"
 SCOTT, J. F.—"Readings in European History Since 1814."
 TOMLINSON, H. M.—"All Our Yesterdays."
 TILDEN, W. A.—"Chemical Discovery and Invention in the Twentieth Century."
 VAN DINE, S. S.—"Scarab Murder Case."
 WILDER, T.—"Woman of Andros."
 WHARTON, E.—"Hudson River Bracketed."
 WHITBECK, R. H. and FINCH, V. C.—"Economic Geography."
 WILLIAMS, S. C.—"Beginnings of West Tennessee."
 World Book Encyclopedia. Twelve Volumes.

U.T.J.C.

REVERIES OF A CO-ED

This is the Girls' Dormitory. Get that. I'm writing in my room on the second floor. Get that, too. While I write of silent places and the beautiful solitudes, all the time my ears are filled with girlish shrieks and the clatter of high heels on a bare floor. See? 1930. A co-ed's dormitory. You get the idea! That ten-cent perfume my room-mate uses . . . giggles from the next room . . . audible yawns . . . talk . . . talk, talk . . . La Verghne's talking in her sleep again. Throw a book at her. Oh, Lord! Raining again. The Volette come out tomorrow . . . Get to work. All right . . .

Purple shadows—silver streaks. An eagle splits the silent moonlight. The gleam of my lonely campfire is the only spark in the vast gloom of the night. Far from the haunts of men, my spirit soars.

WANDERLUST

Leaves are falling,
 Winds are calling,
 Time has come to be on wings.
 Morning's taunting,
 Evening's haunting,
 Time to search for unknown things.
 Midnight sailer,
 Starlight trailer,
 Shackled slave of wanderlust.
 Searching ever,
 Tiring never,
 Stooping not to touch the dust.
 Golden places,
 Moonlit spaces,
 Only shadows at my side—
 Beauty wooing,
 Color Sueing,
 I seach, with silver wings spread wide.

Bob, who was an employee of an express company, approached his superior with the query:

"Boss, what we gwine do 'bout dat billy goat? He's done et up where he was gwine."

—T—

Doug M.: "I went to bed last night and dreamed that I died."

Frank Taylor: "Well, what about it?"

Doug: "Well, the heat woke me up!"

—T—

Ducks dart across the sky-line.

Hunters hover close to the ground—

Guns go diagonal into the air,
 And bullets burn the fluttering wings,
 While downward drop wild spirits—
 doomed.

—T—

Bill Simmons: "I'm going to get a position with the railroad."

Bill Wilson: "What is it?"

Bill Simmons: "You know the fellow that goes alongside the train and taps the axles to see if everything is all right, well, I'll help him listen"

—T—

Dr. Schmidt: "A man never knows his real value until he is sued for breach of promise."

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